He is within with two reuerend *Fathers*,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Returne good Catesby to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile tell him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraigntie thereon,
But ſure *I* feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay,
Enter Catesby:
Buc. I feare he will, how now Catesby,
What ſayes your *Lord*?
Cat. My *Lo*. he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troupes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before,
My *Lord*, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory *I* am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at there beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So ſweete is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Biſhops aloft.
Maior. See where he ſtands between two Clergy men.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous

Famous Plantagenet, moſt gracious prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my requeſt,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Chriſtian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no ſuch apologie,
I rather do beſeech you pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Neglect the viſitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleaſure?
Buc. Euen that *I* hope which pleaſeth *God* aboue
And all good men of this vngouerned *Ile*.
Glo I do ſuſpect, *I* haue done ſome offence,
That ſeemes diſgratious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You haue my *Lord*: would it pleaſe your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Els wherefore breath *I* in a Chriſtian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you reſigne
The ſupreame Seate, the *Throne* maieſticall,
The Sceptred office of your Aunceſtors,
The lineall glory of your royall Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht ſtocke:
Whileſt in the mildneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countryes good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with ſtars of infamie,
And almoſt ſhouldred in this ſwallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulneſſe and darke oblivion:
Which to recure we heartily ſolicite
Your *Gracious* ſelfe to take on you the ſoueraigntie thereof,
Not as Protecter, *Steward*, *Subſtitute*,
Nor lawly Factor for an others gaine,
But as ſucceſſiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this conſorted with the Citizens,
Your worſhipfull and very louing friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt ſute come *I* to moue your Grace.